

FILM FUN

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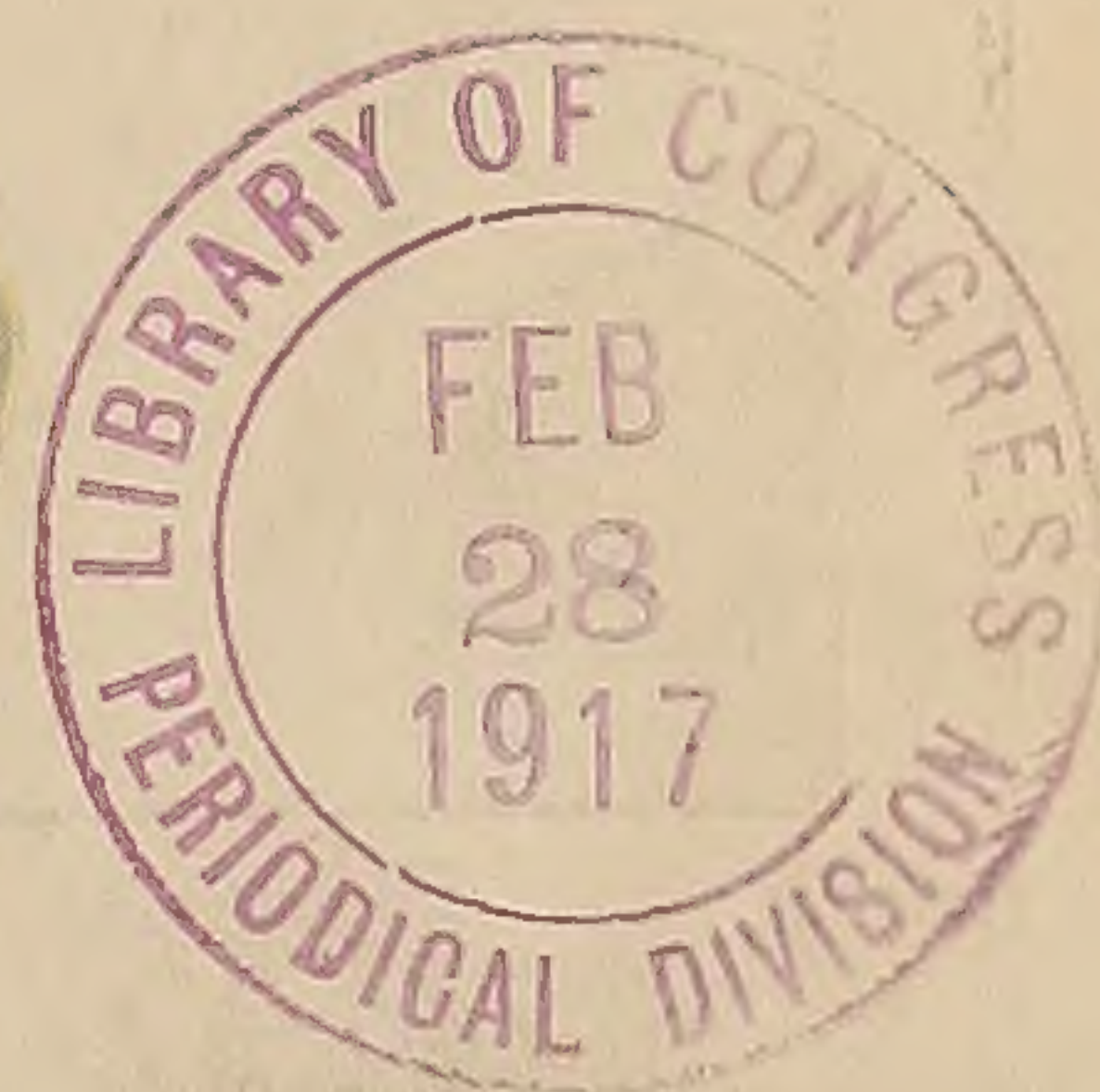
MARCH

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

A STARTLING STORY!!

"Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress"

CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER





“You Get The Job”

“We’ve been watching you, young man. We know you’re made of the stuff that wins. The man that cares enough about his future to study an I. C. S. course in his spare time is the kind we want in this firm’s responsible positions. You’re getting your promotion on what you *know*, and I wish we had more like you.”

The boss can’t take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man *trained to hold it*. He’s watching *you* right now, hoping you’ll be ready when your opportunity comes. The thing for you to do is to start *today* and train yourself to do some one thing better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools without losing a day or a dollar from your present work.

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Do you like advertising? Salesmanship? Many of the foremost Advertising and Sales Managers in this country were I. C. S. trained. Commercial Law? Accounting? All over America bookkeepers, accountants, private secretaries, office managers, are reaping the rewards of training gained in I. C. S. spare-time study of these subjects. Engineering? Architecture? Electricity? Chemistry? Hundreds of thousands of men have climbed into big jobs in the technical professions through the I. C. S. help.

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CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION

Why Miss the Super-Pleasures of Life?

What would it mean to you if you doubled your mental and physical capacities? What would it mean to you if your vitality, energy and recuperative powers were doubled and if the strength of your heart were wonderfully modified; your nervous system energized; if your powers of comprehension were made unusually keen—if, in other words, your physical, physiological and mental personalities were doubled? This is precisely what we can do for yourself through the conscious use of the principle of evolution. What would it mean to you? Do you intend that other men and women should have the benefit of these advantages while you miss them?

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The pleasure which is had through the possession of a greater mental, physiological and physical personality is unlike any other pleasure of which a human being can become conscious—you are missing something.

Why permit your weaknesses of body and personality to cheat you out of the real and highest joys of life?

My New Copyrighted Book is Free

It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

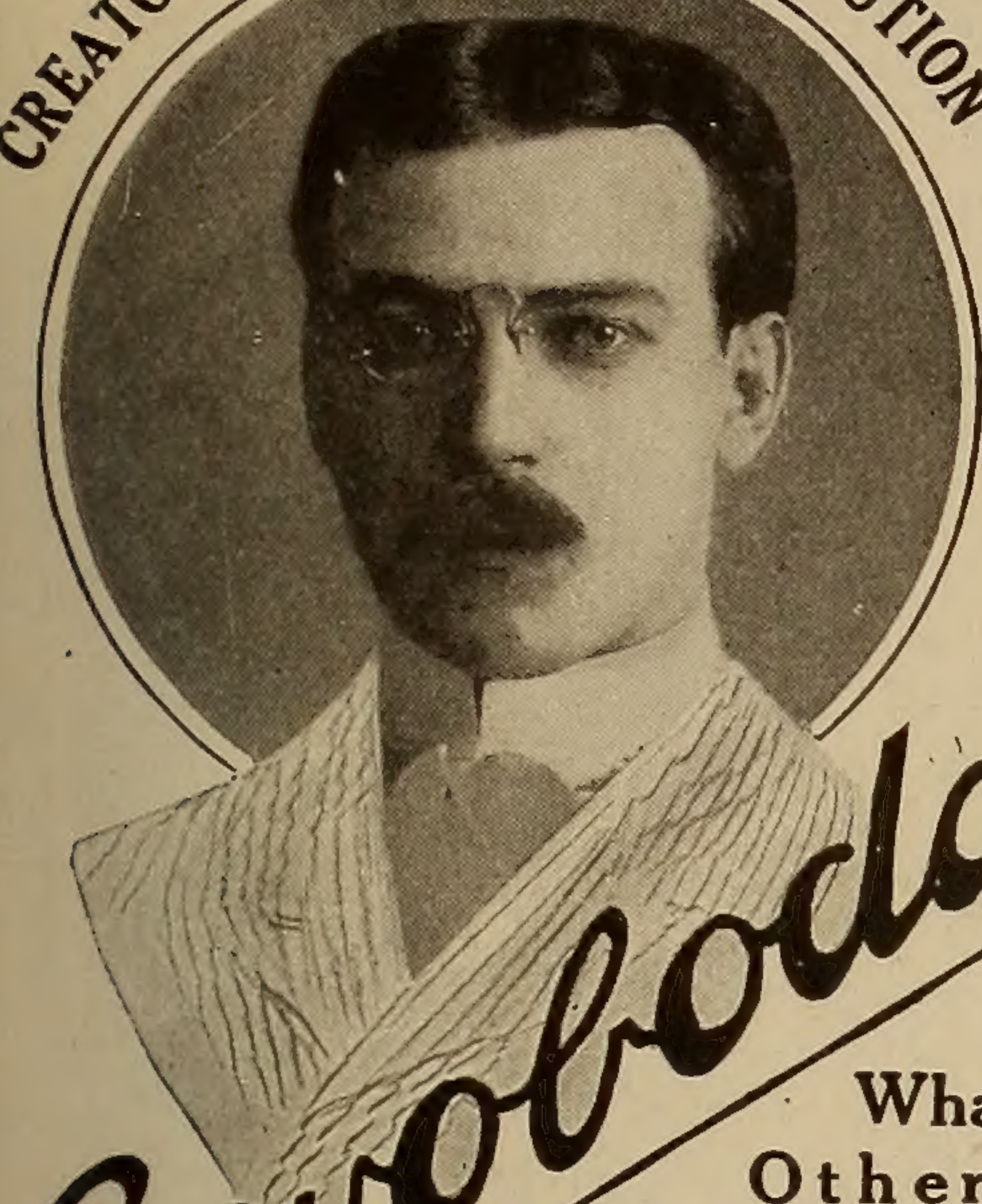
My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose with my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and excessively deep breathing.

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Write to-day for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind. You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution of men and women. Mail the coupon or a post card now, before you forget.

Alois P. Swoboda, 2108 Aeolian Bldg., New York City

What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in Film Fun is too good to be true.



What Others Have to Say

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lesson began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda'."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

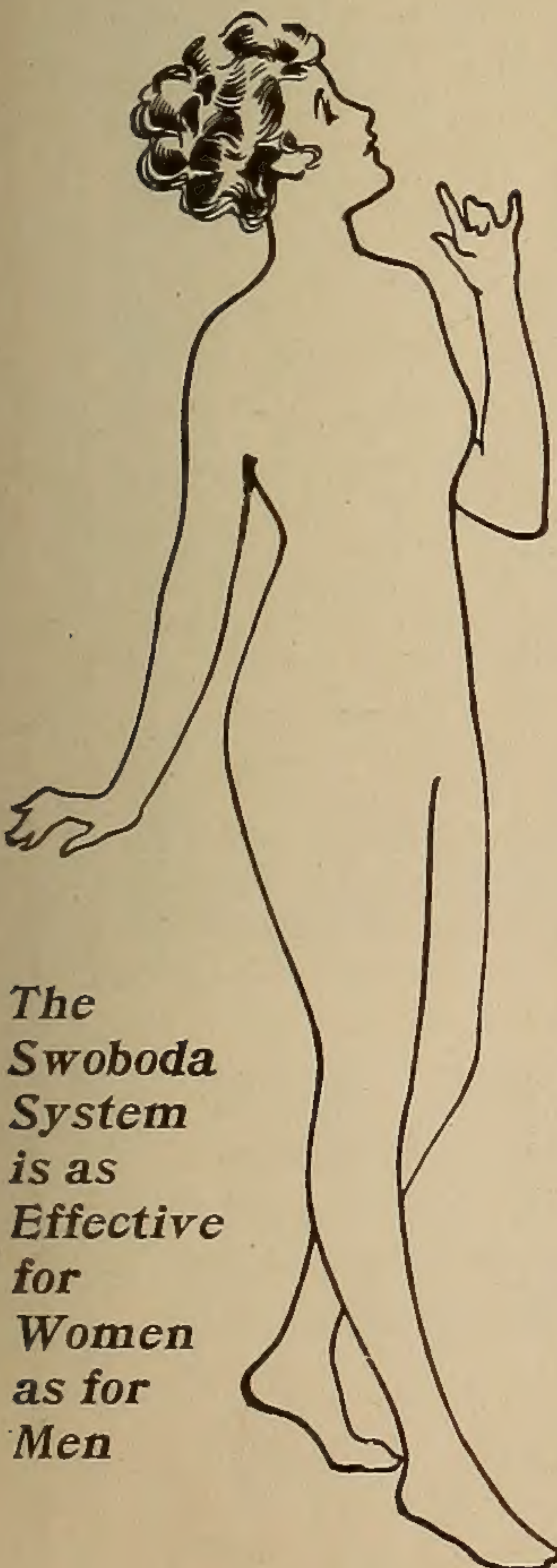
"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

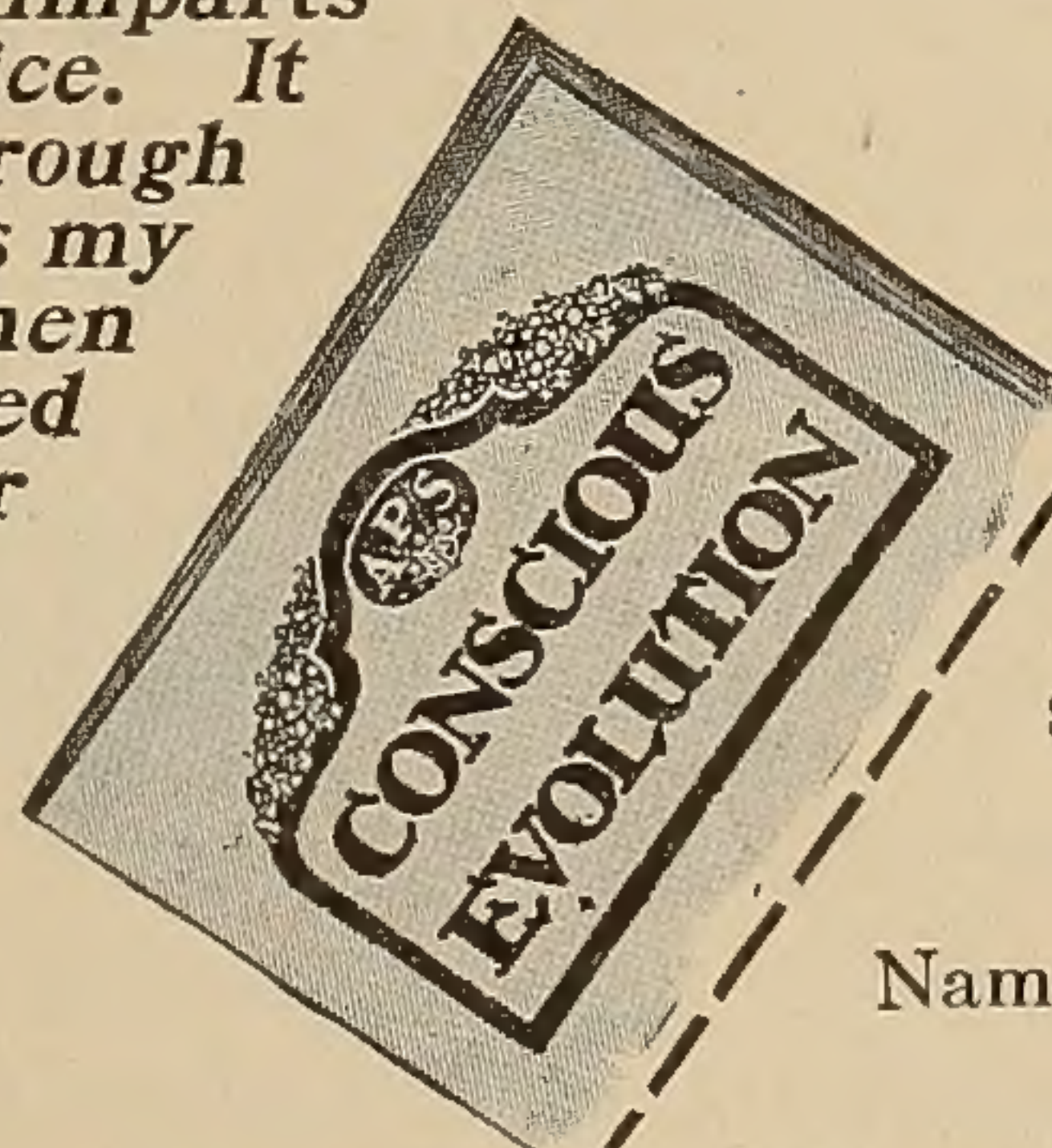
"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

A FEW OF SWOBODA'S PROMINENT PUPILS

F. W. Vanderbilt	W. R. Hearst	Oscar Straus
W. G. Rockefeller, Jr.	Alfred I. Du Pont	Simon Guggenheim
Howard Gould	A. W. Armour	Maxine Elliott
Percy A. Rockefeller	Charles F. Swift	Anna Held
Frank A. Vanderlip	Charles Evans Hughes	



The Swoboda System is as Effective for Women as for Men



Alois P. Swoboda
2108 Aeolian Bldg.
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Please send me your free copyrighted book, "Conscious Evolution."

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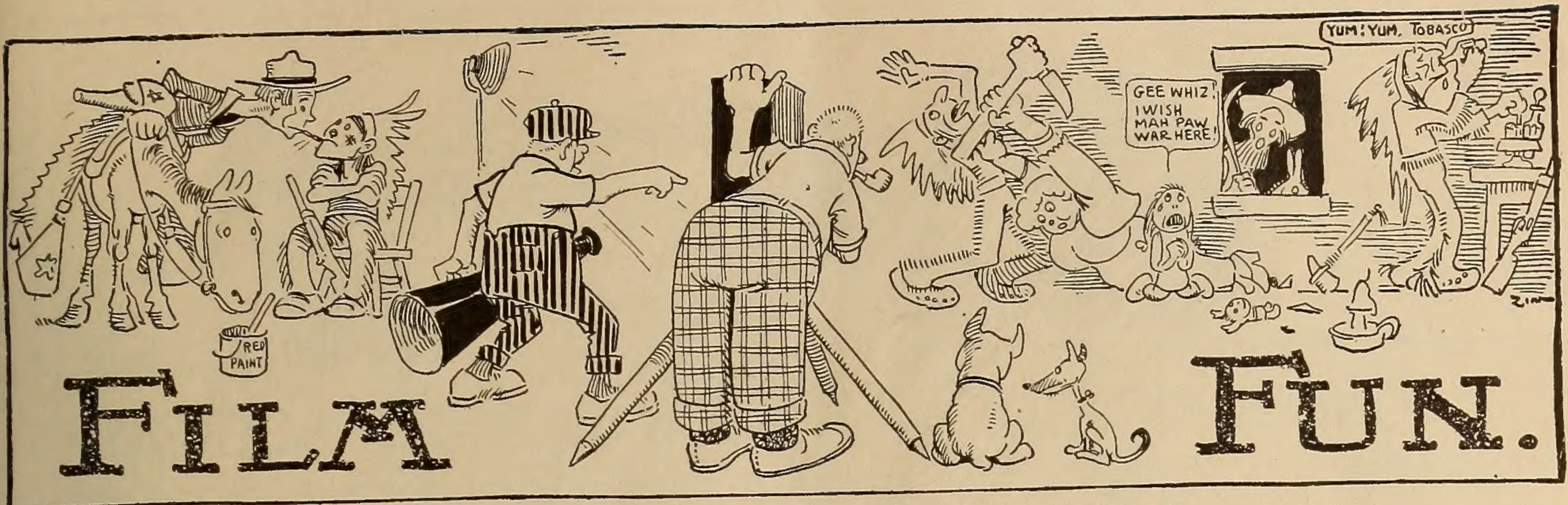
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INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC.

Mrs. Vernon Castle pauses just a moment on her way out to explain that she is going over to France for a visit with her aviator husband, who is flying for the allies' cause.



Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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EDITORIALS

No Wonder the Screen Stars Shine

ACCORDING to testimony given by picture magnates and managers in the recent legislative inquiry as to why there should not be a tax on pictures in New York, more money is lost than made in the pictures. With all due respect for the natural shrinkage of any property on a tax inquiry, we are forced to believe that the fabulous profits of the motion picture industry seem to have burst somewhere between the box-office receipts and the stars' salary checks. And even the pseudo salaries paid to pseudo screen stars shrunk before the inquiry like a pair of washable kid gloves on their first visit to the wash.

It was learned that "Mysterious Myra," a film made by the International Film Company, mysteriously made much money. Myra, it appeared, yielded \$45,229 in regular money. The Kalem Company admitted that a film called "Social Pirates," contrary to the general conception of piracy, lost considerable money.

Mitchell Mark, president of the Strand Theater Company, boldly averred that fully 85 per cent. of the producers are losing money.

Yet between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 people daily attend picture shows in this country. The average price of admission is between eight and nine cents. Just figure out for yourself the amount of money that passes from the people to the producers. At a fair average, \$900,000 changes hands daily. Somebody gets that money.

A recent picture, considerably advertised, made a lot of money. Of the amount made, 55 per cent. went to the star—whose work was not a bit better than some of the \$100-a-week players in the same picture. Of the rest, the directors scooped a big bunch—and what was left of the overhead charges went to the producer.

We have been accustomed to consider the producer as a business man with average intelligence. But any business man who will pay one employee 55 per cent. of his receipts would not draw any loud plaudits in his immediate vicinity.

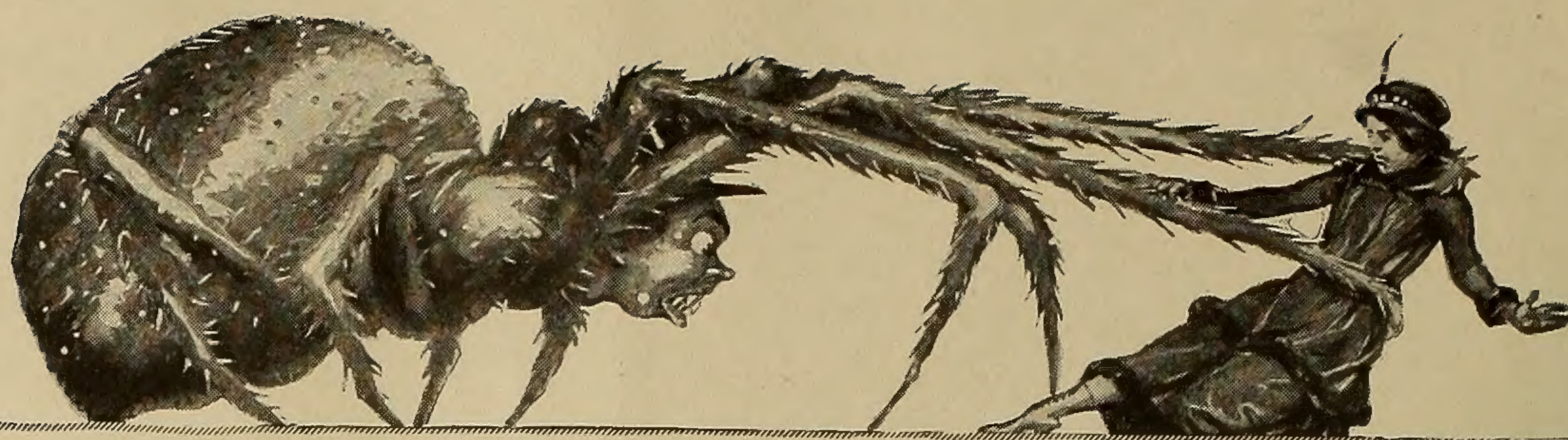
Why not tax the salaries of the stars?

Cut Out the Cancer

FROM every portion of the country is coming a demand for clean picture plays. Since the meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in New York in May, 1916, when the problem of the motion pictures was brought to the attention of the visiting clubwomen through the initiative of FILM FUN, the motion pictures have played an important part in the club movement of the different States. Many of the visitors saw in New York, for the first time in their lives, picture plays of undeniable worth and beauty. When they returned home, they demanded the same class of pictures in their home towns.

We cannot have good motion pictures from a bad studio or a bad management. Many of the motion picture studios are cancerous with evil. FILM FUN is not afraid to say so. Since our announcement was made that we were about to print a plain statement of the cancerous condition of the motion picture field, we have been in receipt of hundreds of letters from those who are in a position to know what they are stating. They commend us for our stand. They offer to give us their own experiences. They uphold our claim that in many studios there is a canker at the root of every picture produced—a canker that cannot fail to be not only far reaching, but absolutely evil in its influence.

Cut out the cancer. Produce clean atmosphere in the studios and offices, and clean pictures must result.



"CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS"

The first installment of this remarkable story, which began in our February issue, brought us many expressions of approval of our determination to throw the limelight of publicity on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. As we said before, the identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. But we repeat that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, and that she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. No exaggeration of the happenings in motion picture offices and studios, about which she tells so graphically, has been necessary—the facts speak for themselves. Startling as was the first chapter, the subsequent ones will be even more gripping. You cannot afford to miss one of them.

AS TOLD in the first installment of my "Confessions," it was in 1910 that I first became associated with the motion picture. In the seven years that I have been struggling to get a foothold in motion pictures, but have accomplished little, I have learned well the meaning of two stock phrases of so many motion picture directors and producers:

"Will you be nice to me if I do this for you?" and "If I help you, are you going to be kind to me?" or words to this effect. I have often wondered why it never occurred to some ambitious song writer to make either one of these lines the title for a popular song. It would be popular, I am sure.

When in my youth and ignorance I was first asked how "nice" or how "kind" I was going to be in return for what would be done for me in the way of advancing me in my work, I always returned such a childishly naive answer that I presume I was put down as "hopeless." My innocence was a protection. Not having the faintest suspicion of the meaning of what was being said to me, any intended harm fell from me like water from a duck's back.

Now, after seven years of battling the world and fighting the flesh and the devil, I merely pretend that I do not get the meaning of what is being said. Through repeated and miserable experiences, all alike, with men in authority in the picture world—through association with the older women of the profession and the sophisticated younger ones—hearing and overhearing in dressing-rooms studio gossip (in motion picture parlance, "dirt")—it will be readily understood that neither innocence nor ignorance could long remain to protect one. But in the interim, while I was being metamorphosed from a state of sweet simplicity to a condition of worldly-wisdom, I learned to

correctly interpret the most cleverly veiled insults and to answer according to the man I was dealing with.

I was always grateful for one thing: I never had any fear, for I early learned that men who insult women are cowards at heart. Knowing that I had to keep the director's or producer's or manager's feeling toward me a friendly one and maintain an atmosphere of good-fellowship (to the good-fellowship kind), I grew in time even able to laugh at coarse jokes and elemental conversation. When I would return to my own little lodgings after an interview with a manager of this type, I often wished I could be thoroughly fumigated and lose my sense of contamination. A hot bath and a complete change of clothing, both inner and outer, was the usual method of physical purification, and to read Emerson on "Character" or "Self-reliance" and other helpful metaphysical writers comprised my mental regeneration.

There was an intermediate period of my growth from the wide-eyed, wondering child to complete sophistication—the time of youthful indignation. It will suffice to tell of but one tragic experience of this period—very, very tragic then, but funny now. While at the time the man in the case was no doubt more than surprised at my conduct, I think he must have smiled after he recovered his equilibrium. In the course of the routine conversation on the day I made my call at this manager's office (he was a type of the fat, sleek male person), he suddenly leaned over and said casually,

"Come, give us a kiss!"

There was an ink bottle on his desk. I seized it and replied indignantly,

"I'll throw this ink bottle in your face!"



“I’ll throw this ink bottle in your face,” I said, indignantly, when the manager leaned over and asked me to kiss him.

My emotion subsiding, my righteous indignation being relieved by the explosion, I pulled myself together, replaced the ink bottle and made a heroic exit, leaving a much surprised man to wonder just what it was all about. That was one office to which I never returned.

They don't ask you for simple kisses any more. Now you are immediately asked to luncheon, at which the subject of "sex" only is discussed. How I have tried not to show my insufferable boredom of this same old drivel! I often wonder is there nothing else in the world these men care to talk about. During Christmas week I saw, down in the congested business streets of New York, not a few working horses on whose foreheads rested a cheery red rose or piece of bright holly that a kind driver had placed there in true holiday spirit. I wanted to climb right up to the seat with the homely truckman, for I felt quite sure here were men who wouldn't talk "sex" to me.

I have a little friend who has been going the rounds of the studios for a year or more. She is a splendid screen type, young, pretty and about twenty. Up to the present she has been unable to get more than the ordinary "extra" work. She has suffered all sorts of humiliations, standing hours in line to get a sandwich at lunchtime, and hours in line again at the end of the day to get her miserable little stipend of three dollars for the day's work. She wouldn't have to stand waiting in a long line these cold winter days, with an indiscriminate lot of extra people, common, ignorant and wholly ambitionless, if her moral viewpoint were different! She is very pretty and attractive, but she is married, loves her husband and is a good girl. So she stands in line and waits for a meager pay.

Some of my readers may think that "marriage" would mean protection to a girl. Let me disabuse your minds of any such false conclusions. If it becomes known that you are or have been married, you can expect 'most anything to be said to you. The "line of talk" that is "handed" you if you possess either a past or present husband and have physical charms, and which I have heard corroborated by a number of girls, is so similar that I quote it as follows:

Manager (noticing your wedding ring)—I see you are married. So am I, so why can't we know each other better? It can't make any difference when you're married. We'll have dinner together.

Girl (stalling)—But I cannot go out with you when you have a wife.

Manager—My wife isn't acting now. She keeps a home for me. She would never be in places where we'd go. She does not dine out.

Girl—But someone who knows her and knows you might see us and tell her. She may make it mighty unpleasant.

Manager (contemptuously)—How far do you think you'll get with the wild ideas you've got in your head?

And right then and there you know just how far you'll get with this man. You might just as well save your breath and shoe leather and never go near that particular office again, or if you do, you may be prepared to have the telephone girl say, "Mr. Blank is in conference and cannot see you to-day." You may return a few more times, not wanting to judge too hastily, but in a very short

time you scratch the name of this office from your calling list.

Some conversations I have overheard at studios (dressing-room walls are thinly built sometimes) are startling beyond belief. If my reader forms a conclusion that I have been "snooping around," deliberately hiding myself in corners in an effort to "get a line" on the secrets of the inner chambers of the motion picture world, he is mistaken. I have often been "making up" in my dressing-room, and stories have been told as if I were not present. Often when I'd overhear bits of gossip from an adjoining dressing-room, I'd deliberately cough, to let it be known that their words were penetrating. Sometimes voices would drop to whispers, but more often no attention whatever was paid to the gentle hint I gave of my nearness. Those talking thought, no doubt, I needed enlightenment. I didn't—but I confess I wasn't beyond being shocked.

I remember a very well-known star, who was talking in her dressing-room to an ambitious aspirant for stellar honors. They were both working for the same firm, and one of the magnates of the concern had approached the young actress who was trying desperately to "arrive." She was an attractive little thing, and the man was temporarily quite smitten. He was often that way. No one took it seriously. He promised to do big things for her if she would only be "his little girl." The girl couldn't see it in that light. She confided her troubles to the older established actress.

"Well, why not?" was the cool answer. "He'll get tired of you soon. He won't bother you long. His fancies soon die out. You'll get a nice, strong contract for a couple of years, anyhow. You'll play in good stories and have regular 'releases,' and when your contract is up, you'll be 'made.' Then you'll be perfectly independent. So why all the fuss? What are you worrying about? Look at me—I have my limousine and solid silver and cut glass for my dining-room!" Contemptible talk to one who craved and needed the best advice! 4

A telephone message was waiting for me one evening on my return home. It was from a rather prominent director. He asked me to call at the studio the next day. I was overjoyed. My hopes mounted skyward in anticipation of getting a good part in one of his pictures. I had never met the man, but had been interviewed by his assistant at the studio some time previous; so I concluded the assistant had given a favorable report on me. When I called the next day, I was promptly ushered into the director's private office. It opened directly off the studio, which at the time was deserted. I met the director, and he informed me that the part he wanted me for was already filled, and he knew I wouldn't care for the only other part in the picture, as I wasn't "the type." He maintained a running conversation on everything but the picture. I rose to go, saying that I would come to see him again some time, now that I had had the good fortune to meet him, that I was sorry the part had been filled, etc. "Yes, so am I," he beamed; and taking one of my hands between his two, he walked the length of the empty studio to the elevator with me. As I was about to enter the elevator,

he gazed intently down into my eyes and said fervently and with much depth of meaning, "Now, do come and see me again." I confess I didn't quite fathom the game he was playing. I was never sent for again, and somehow I was never interested in making another call. I suppose I should have made some suggestion about "luncheon" or asked him to call on me. But having done neither, he no doubt concluded that I was too stupid to be tolerated.

I know a young actress—a glorious creature she is. A few years ago she was a big favorite with the picture fans. Then the concern she had been with for so long and that had been so fine to her changed hands. Cheap people came in, and the girl was given her "notice." For a time she found it hard to "connect up" again, but was finally fortunate in closing a good contract with one of the big producing firms. She was presented in one or two worthy five-reel features, and then her pictures weren't so good. The casts were poor, stories worse, direction bad. I wondered what was wrong.

She was a clever girl, and the public liked her; but why were they killing her off like this? They seemed to be making every effort to sound her death knell. The firm evidently wanted to break the year's contract she had, but couldn't; so they let it die out, and she with it, because of the miserable pictures in which she was presented. When she was no longer with the firm, she told me all about it. The general manager had wanted to be more than friendly, and she had refused to accept his attentions. Could he have broken the contract he had with her, he would have dismissed her then and there; but not being able to do so, in return for her having turned him down so flatly, he did all he could to kill her professionally.

Not long ago I was very happy in securing an interview with a big producer that I had been trying to obtain for some time. When I called, I was ushered into his sumptuous offices. He smilingly received me. His hat was off, and for a wonder he wasn't smoking, or rather chewing, his customary big black cigar. He rose to greet me. I was all "done up" in a new winter coat and had a jaunty little hat perched a bit rakishly on my head. I was made up that day for what, in the language of the Rialto, is termed a "chicken." I could make up equally well for a "vampire" or a "chicken," by rearranging my hair and wearing an entirely different style of clothes.

"Well," said the man as I entered, "you're a rather cute little thing. Sit down."

I sat. He continued,

"You look young—don't know whether you are or not. I'm a business man. Now, what would I do with you?"

"Put me out in one big picture, and I'll prove a good investment for you," I replied.

"But," he said, "you have no box-office value."

"No," I said; "but you could create one for me, if you would only give me the chance. I only need one picture to become established. I can act—I have proved it—and I have screen looks and personality."

"Um—yes," came his answer. "Yes, I can see that. You'd photograph well, and you're full of life—yes, you're

all right. Have you got a good figure? Take off your coat."

I took it off.

"Yes, I guess your figure's all right. Well, can you find someone to make you known—someone to do something for you?"

I asked, "What do you mean? Someone to pay for a production for me?"

"Oh, no! I'll do that. But get a lot of advertising—get known."

"But we have no royal princes in America with whom I might elope and become covered with notoriety."

"Well, think up something and come and see me again. Try and find some rich man who can buy you an electric sign on Broadway."

And I was ushered out.

I have made several return calls, but he has always been "in conference" at the moment of my call. But I think I'll follow this up and see what develops. I'm curious and a bit hopeful, and if I can only persuade him to give me a fair opportunity, I know he will never regret it. He has the power and the money to make me a star. Will he, without being privileged to make love to me? I wonder!

(To be continued.)



MOROSCO-PARAMOUNT

"How'd you like to be the ice-man?" asks George Beban.

Never Put Off 'Till To-morrow==



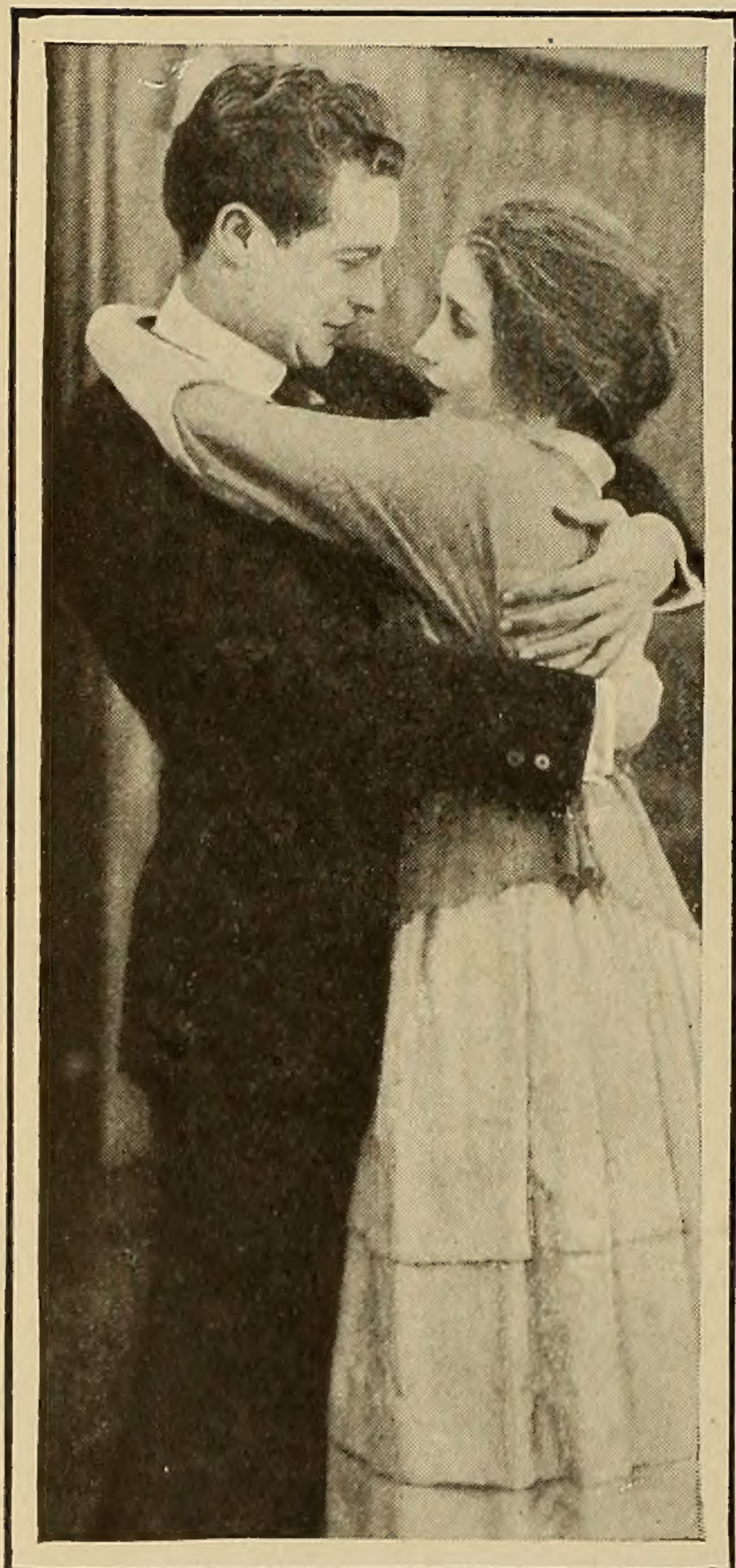
MUTUAL

May Cloy and Thomas Chatterton are so afraid of what those dreadful censors say that they've even had to invent an armless kiss—which, as everyone knows, is just about as useful as a three-legged dog. What is that motion picture industry coming to, anyway?



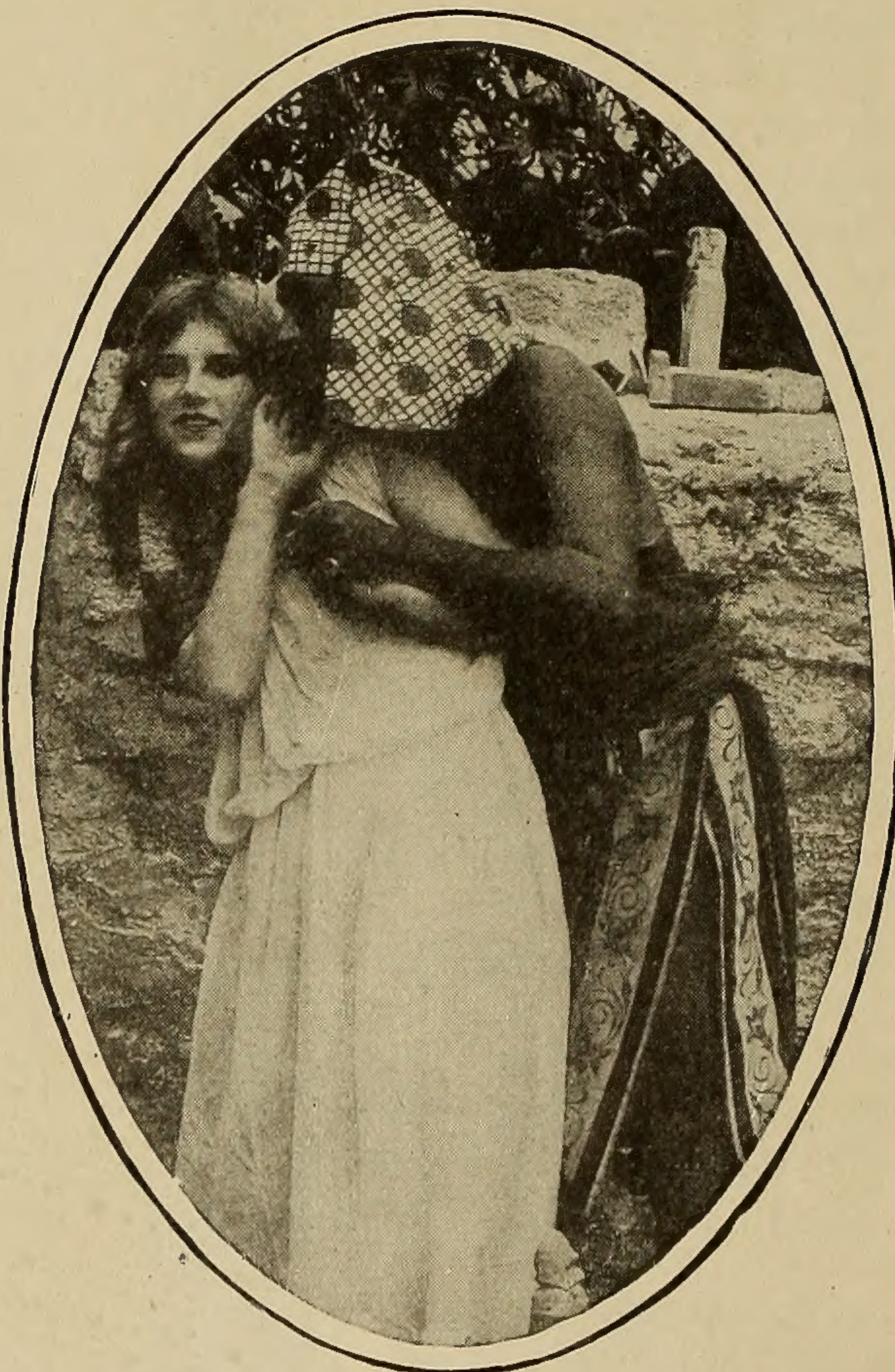
TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

"Well, if we had Roy Stuart's place for one minute, Lilian Gish wouldn't have to look at us as pleadingly as all that"—That's right, boys. Them's our sentiments, exactly. She's going to get it, though. Don't worry.



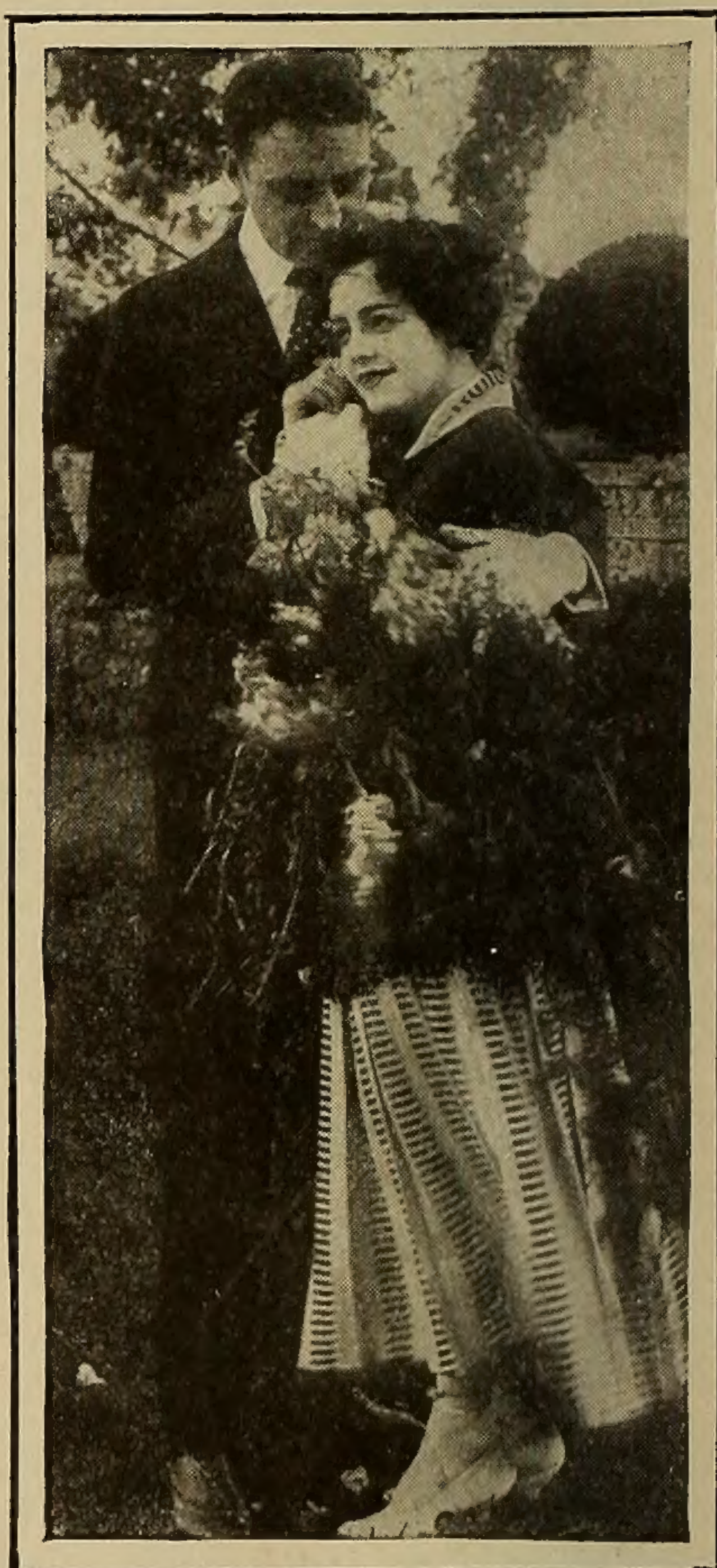
TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Smiling tenderly, Elmer Clifton drew the fair Bessie Love into his arms and—oh, why couldn't they have postponed that fadeout one second?



PATHE

"Tantalize him, girls; make him think you don't want it," says the writer on these delicate matters. So Valkyrien coyly turns away her face and gives him a handful of curls to chew instead.



PATHE

"One must express one's self in one's acting," said William Courteney. But his form of self-expression suited Alice Dovey perfectly, so she didn't mind at all.

When Cupid Slipped



SELIG

Hiram (Sid Jordan) may not be much on love making, but he knows what he wants. And what he wants is Lizzie (Victoria Forde).



SELIG

Lizzie's pa (Pat Chrisman) knows what he wants, too—or, rather, what he does *not* want. And that "not" applies to Hiram as a son-in-law.

LIZZIE is "there" when it comes to good, solid home cooking. And, of course, men are mighty material-minded beings, and that cooking looks awfully good to Hiram—so good, in fact, that he offers to let Lizzie fry his eggs for life. But the course of true love runs most uneven. Lizzie's pa does not approve of the union, and he sends Hiram about his business. "Begone from my house!" shouts he, according to the sub-title; and though what he's really saying, probably, is, "Darn it! this rain will spoil all the skating," still, the effect is just as good, and you can't help clasp your hands—



clamber into a buggy and go in search of a minister. Pa discovers their escape and starts in pursuit.

Meanwhile, the sheriff of the county receives word that a couple of "nuts" have escaped from an asylum. Pa unfortunately spies this pair, who are also driving along, and follows them. Too late he discovers that they are strange to him, but takes them to jail. The sheriff, of course, goes out to hunt for the lunatics and mistaking Lizzie and Hiram for them, he takes them off to jail. Here they meet Lizzie's pa, everything is straightened out, and it's back to potato peeling for Lizzie.



SELIG

How was she to know that the sheriff would make such a foolish mistake?

SELIG

"No dad's going to keep me from getting married to my Hiram, though," says Lizzie. "We'll elope. All those society dames are doing it."

or someone else's—tight, and feeling awfully sorry for Hiram. Lizzie is not to be done out of her romance, however. Being an enterprising young person, she decides to elope with her swain. They steal downstairs,



SELIG

Lizzie decides that though peeling potatoes isn't romantic, it is safer than eloping.

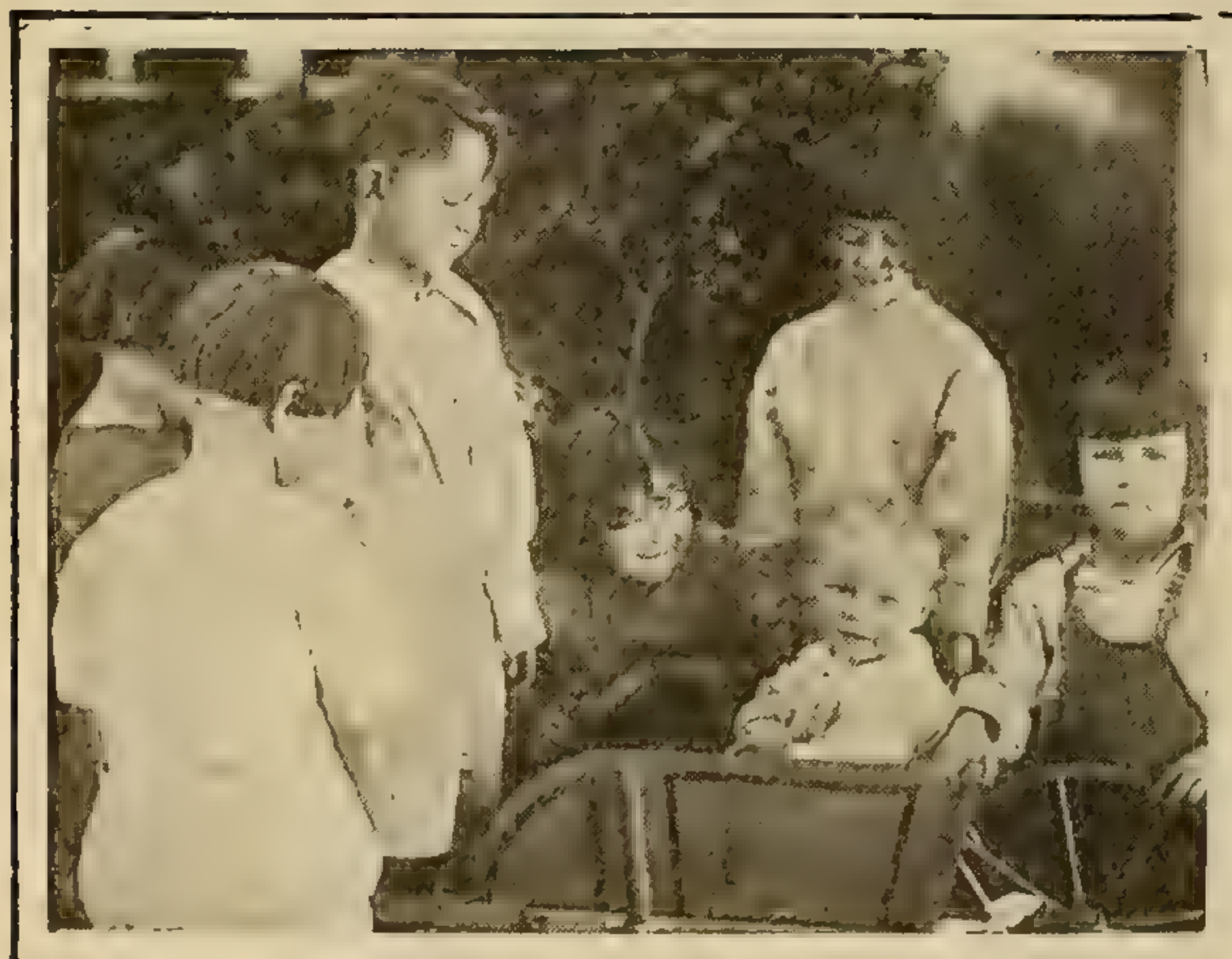
Just Kids



MUTUAL

Well - brought-up kiddies pretend to believe everything they are told, so when the camera man said, "Now watch the birdie," they fastened their eyes on the cam-

era most politely, as though they expected the birdie to hop right out of it. But you can see that the tiniest one down in front isn't fooled at all.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

"Oo-oo, aren't they the adorable things?" breathed the women; and "Some kids!" laughed the men. And that settled it—the picture was bound to be a success.

RED FEATHER

It looks as if the game's going to bust up in a free-for-all; but what game ever played by real, honest-to-goodness boys, worthy of the name, didn't break up that way? And when it's a case of calling a ball a strike, a fellow can't be expected to keep quiet and not kick up a row, can he?



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

A study in contentment. It's a problem to decide which one looks the happiest—but then, of course, they've all got perfectly good reason to.



Girls, Please Notice!



KLEVER COMEDY-PARAMOUNT

"A laugh every minute" is Victor Moore's motto.



AMERICAN MUTUAL

Hasn't Alan Forest the most beautiful hair you ever saw?



McCLURE PICTURES

George LeGuere has no difficulty in following *his* nose.

They talk about women being conceited, but they're not one, two, three when it comes to the conceit of men. Our men stars complained so about the amount of space we've been giving to their fair rivals, that we simply had to give them this whole page to keep them friendly. "Why bother to keep them friendly?" you say. We happen to be females ourselves, you see!



KALEM

"Daredevil George Larkin," they call him. Anyone who has seen him doing thrillers knows why.



MUTUAL

Frowns produce wrinkles, my dear Leo D. Maloney, and you're much too good-looking for frowns.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

"My face is my fortune, sir," said Victor Potel. It has been, too.

Directors are always complaining that men stars are hard to get. "Eenie, Meenie, Minee, Mo, I'll take you," says one. "Oh, no, you won't; he's taken," pipes up another. And the stars smile and smile, and just dare those eggs to jump another quarter in price.

They can afford to.



VOGUE-MUTUAL

Paddy McGuire smiles for many reasons, but principally because—guess.



ESSANAY

Max Linder packs for his trip to America. Max doesn't mind packing--not at all. Why should he?

Max Comes Across

ON THE eve of Max Linder's departure for America, where he is to produce comedies, a submarine sinks a big Atlantic liner. He and his friend, Ernest Maupain, who is crossing with him on the steamship *Espagne*, are frightened. No submarine appears, however, and they are calmed. By way of a joke, Max persuades the captain of the vessel to make Maupain believe a U-boat has torpedoed the *Espagne*. At the same time Maupain persuades the cap-



ESSANAY

But he who laughs first usually gets left. Max discovers that the accident is not a joke.



ESSANAY

We don't know just where the rest of the lady is—but, according to Max, she is "some kicker."



ESSANAY

Max is voted a hero—personally, we think he should have paid to be allowed to do this scene.



ESSANAY

Even life-preservers, it seems, must meet around the middle. Max, being a bachelor, is greatly amused.

tain to make Max believe the same thing. When a freight steamer really does ram the *Espagne*, and the passengers rush terror-stricken to the decks, Max and Maupain believe it is their joke. They soon discover the truth, but Maupain gets the last remaining life-preserver, and Max finds himself locked in the salon. At first he is badly frightened, but when he overhears the captain saying that the leak has been stopped up and that all is safe, his terror passes. He seats himself at the piano and is playing a lively tune when they find him. Whereupon he is unanimously voted the hero of the hour and calmly permits all the girls aboard to kiss him.

Mrs. Garrigan Lays Down the Law

By JAMES G. GABLE

“WHY ‘DO they call thim ‘Cinnamon’ theayters?” asked Mrs. Grogan.

“Because they’re the spice av life, I suppose,” Mrs. Garrigan replied.

“Have ye seen anny good plays lately?”

“I have that same,” answered Mrs. Garrigan. “‘Twas called ‘Two Bits.’ Naw, that wasn’t it, ayther. ‘Fifty-Fifty,’ that was the name. ‘Twas got out by the Tangled-File-Out papple, an’ writ wid wan hand by Lulu O’Brien, wid the ladin’ part mistook by Nora Tallmidget.”

“Ah,” said Mrs. Grogan impatiently, “forget the ornaments an’ get down to the furniture.”

“Well,” Mrs. Garrigan went on, “Fred Hairman is a broker”——

“Hiven help us!” cried Mrs. Grogan. “For what is a broker?”

“A broker,” explained Mrs. Garrigan, “is wan that gets rich by makin’ other papple broke. Hairman calls himself an honest broker, which is the same as if ye said ‘biling ice’ or ‘red-hot snow.’”

“I see.”

“He visits a friend av his who is an artist. Wan av thim ducks that paints a fortygraft av a smoky boiler factory an’ miscalls it ‘Impressions av a Black Cat in a Dark Alley at Midnight.’ This artist has a bunch av pictures hangin’ in his artery, an’ Hairman is walkin’ around, thryin’ to conceal his rale falin’s toward thim, whin he sees Nomy, an’ not bein’ busy at the time, he promptly falls in love wid her. ‘Tis a grate match. Ye know, Mrs. Grogan, matches are made in heaven.”

“Yis,” Mrs. Grogan conceded; “but the sulphur comes from the other place.”

“That may be,” Mrs. Garrigan agreed. “This had a little av both. Nomy is a model, which manes that she’s not a model for home folks to imitate. They live happily for a year, which proves that he was no relation av Terence Garrigan. Then Helen Clew, who had hoped to marry him and spend his money, hatches a plot which makes the wake-minded husband apply for a divorce. The judge, who knows somethin’ besides politics, though that is a hard thing to belave, sees through the plot—it bein’ so thin an’ his eyesight bein’ good—reunites husband an’ wife, an’ Helen Clew goes to the Old Maids’ Home.”

“What else have ye seen?” demanded Mrs. Grogan.

“Well, ‘The Wreath av Coughdrops More’ was fine. ‘Twas a Cold Steal Flim, writ just befoor he woke up by William B. Among, produced by William B. Among, wid the ladin’ part mistook by William B. Among, an’ the scenery, customs, scrubbin’, swapin’ an’ bill postin’ all done by that selfsame industrious William B. Among.”

“Did he take in the tickets, too?” Mrs. Grogan demanded.

“I dinnah,” Mrs. Garrigan admitted. “I slipped in whin he wasn’t lookin’.”

“‘Tis a lucky day ye was born in!” said Mrs. Grogan admiringly. “Go on wid your story.”

“Coughdrops More has a grudge agin the town barber an’ old man Reeves, so casts his dispersions agin the entire family. He mates the high cost av livin’ by boycottin’ soap an’ watter. ‘Tis a man’s right to be ugly, but Coughdrops abuses the privilege. He spends all his time blackgardding Reeves, especially av a Sunda’, whin we are tould that we must toil not, nayther must we chin. Reeves is mare av Barton. He is clothed wid authority, but is wearin’ the wrong suit. He owns a grocery store an’ a lumber camp, turnin’ the sawdust into breakfast food an’ gettin’ rich at it.”

“Huh!” snorted Mrs. Grogan. “It must have been some av his dope that I had for breakfast this mornin’.”

“Well,” resumed Mrs. Garrigan, “More has a son an’ Reeves a daughter, who have been spendin’ a lot av money an’ gettin’ a little edification in the East. They thravel home on the same car, unbeknownst to ache other. Young More is a good Christian. He belaves in lovin’ his naybor as himself—if she’s purty; an’ Reevy Reeves, the gyurl in the nixt sate, is rale asy to look at. They sthrike up an acquaintance, which soon double-ups into a plutonic friendship.”

“What is that thing ye just mintioned?” demanded Mrs. Grogan suspiciously.

“A plutonic friendship,” Mrs. Garrigan explained, “is where they start a fire widout striking a match.”

“Oh, I see,” Mrs. Grogan replied. “Well, go on.”

“Ye know, Mrs. Grogan, ‘tis aisy to plant a crop av trouble. If the old folks had left the young wans alone, they wud have forgotten all about their little flirtation; but matin’ wid constant opposition, the boy’s friendship soon ripened into love, an’ she soon returned his affliction. Charlie goes to his father an’ tells him av this important fact.

“‘Furthermore,’ says he, ‘old Reeves declares that if I marry his daughter, he’ll shoot me on the spot, though he doesn’t say what spot. ‘Twould be a good joke on him to run away wid her.’ Old man Coughdrops not only gives his consent, but promises to do all in his power to aid thim. Thin the bright young man goes to Reeves. ‘I’m in love wid your daughter,’ he says. ‘I’ve tould me father, an’ he’s in a furious rage. He says if I marry her, he’ll cut me off wid a dollar, an’ a dollar doesn’t go very far these high-priced days. Wouldn’t it be a good joke to elope wid her?’ ‘Twould serve the old man right.’

“Reeves is mighty tickled to think av gettin’ back at his enemy. He promises to help thim elope, an’ does so, for he’s a man that kapes his word an’ annything else he can get his hands on. Reeves helps thim elope, an’ they drive to old man More’s an’ are married. Now I lave it to you, Mrs. Grogan, isn’t that some boy?”

“What did the old fools do whin they found they had been thricked?” demanded Mrs. Grogan.

“Well,” admitted Mrs. Garrigan, “it was awful hard on thim, but the directions said to take it—and they did.”



MUTUAL

Rhea Mitchell had even us fooled at first—until we noticed that beautifully manicured thumb nail. Then we knew it *couldn't* be true. Sad experience has taught us it takes time and money to keep 'em looking like that.



"Soup of the Evening, Beauootiful Soo-ooop," sang the Mock Turtle in Wonderland, to Alice. He didn't know Linda Griffith, either!



VITAGRAPH

It doesn't make a bit of difference what Lilian Walker wears—just so it isn't a mask. There's only one pair of dimples like these in Filmdom.



MUTUAL STAR

Cheer up, my dear Lois Meredith! A little less eyework and a bit more elbow grease will finish 'em up in a jiffy.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Who's this? Pretty Valentine Grant, you say? Gosh! never would have believed it! Where's the other eye gone to? Still, even one of hers is dangerous enough.



UNIVERSAL

Eileen Sedgwick says she felt just like Cinderella while this picture was being taken. And no hope of a Fairy Godmother to whirl her away to the ball.



TRIANGLE-INCE WITZEL PHOTO

"Buon giorno, signor!" smiles Clara Williams — meaning, in sunny Italy, "Good-day, sir!" Oh, that's all right—we had to look it up ourselves!



MUTUAL

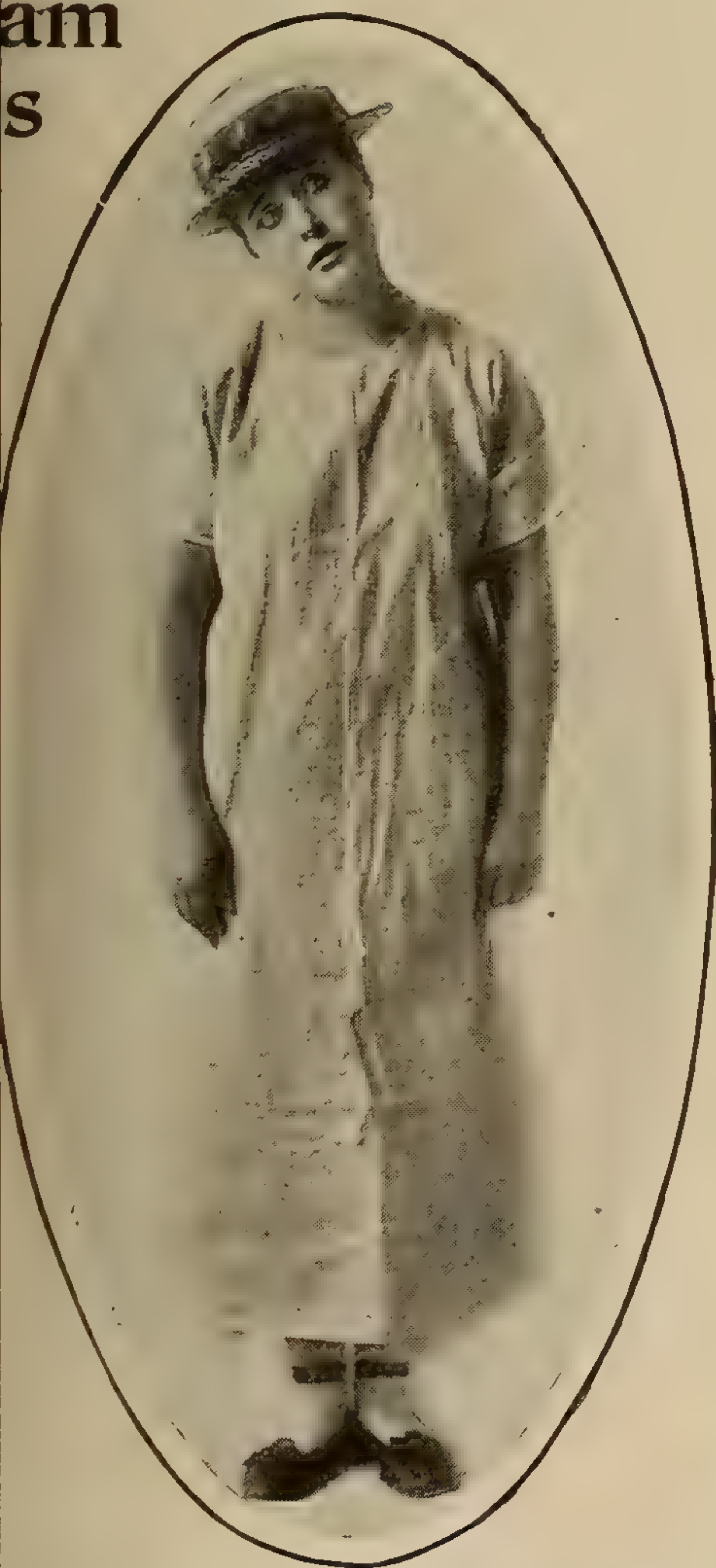
"As long as the director had to do this, I'm glad he did it when I had on this kind of a dress, what with the cost of living so high," says Madge Kirby, Pollyannishly.



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

WITZEL PHOTO

Don't you just feel like singing "Polly put the kettle on, and we'll have tea," when you look at this picture? Polly Moran looks as if she could do it, too.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE WITZEL PHOTO

"I'll make up for this in my next picture, you see if I don't!" cries Dorothy Hagar. "You just wait and see all the stunning gowns I'm going to spring!"



PATHE

Mary Sunshine, watch what you're doing! We can stand a little water in our milk, but a finger in the soup is *too* much to swallow.



NORMAND-KEYSTONE

"Come, now," unblushingly fishes Mabel Normand. "Admit that I look as nice in this simple dress as in some highfalutin' creation."



SELIG

LILLIAN WADE

One of the "Younger Set"

THE KIDDIES seem to be having it all their own way these days, and instead of discussing the time when Harold will be President or Genevieve First Lady of the Land, Genevieve's mother watches anxiously for some signs of resemblance to Mary Pickford, and dad insists that Harold climbed over that chair just exactly as Charlie Chaplin would have done it. But Baby Lillian Wade's mother doesn't have to do that. Just looking like herself is enough for Baby Lillian, for she is one of the screen youngsters who has become truly famous. She is known as one of the few children who fearlessly appear in animal pictures. Having given up acting to devote her entire attention to school and her studies, this clever youngster has staged a "come back" and is to appear soon in Selig plays.

✕ ✕

Silent Anger

Villain—What am I supposed to do?

Director—Just put on an angry look and register an oath.

An "Oh, So Different" Vampire

THERE'S a new pair of dimples entered Filmville—and they're gaining in popularity every day. Though they are among the most precious possessions of the newest addition to the ranks of screen sorceresses, she is not stingy with them and shows them to an admiring public on every possible occasion. Dorothy Dalton, if you please, came mighty near being a Chicago society belle—but luckily, just when preparations for her debut into the most select inner circle were in progress, someone who knew what he was talking about came along and told her that she was destined for greater things than that. It is Miss Dalton's ambition to play sweet, girlish parts, but she is making such a hit in the art of refined vamping that she has come to the conclusion that, like Topsy, she "must just have growed that way."

✕ ✕

Impossible

Screener—My first wife had far more sense than you had.

Wife—I cannot see why. She married you, didn't she?



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

DOROTHY DALTON



MACK BENNETT-KEYSTONE

POLLY MORAN

Polly Moran and Her Hasty Plan

IN FILMING a kitchen scene in "His Wild Oats," Polly Moran suggested in a burst of enthusiasm that she put her hand accidentally on a hot stove, and in the shock following, fall into the wood box. The director grabbed at the idea, and as she had planned, Polly touched the stove and fell into the wood box. But, as she had not planned, Mack Swain, meanwhile, in the wings, was being loaded up with wood. While Miss Moran was yelling to be pulled out of the box, Mack calmly walked over to it and dropped his armful of wood over her, though she kicked and screamed, and the camera clicked steadily on. Mack Swain is still trying to apologize for being a brute.

✕ ✕

Suspended Judgment

Actor—Do you think my work shows promise?

Director—Yes; but I have got to have more than promises.



ART CRAFT-COHEN

Marguerite Snow combines great beauty with a liberal supply of gray matter, and proves conclusively that the old saw about a pretty face hiding an insipid mind is not a true one.



FOX

Hank Mann, who does some of the funniest work of his career as the wandering artist in "The Cloud Puncher," fries his eggs in the sand.

"The Cloud Puncher"

ONCE again have Hank Mann's bashful eyes and careless feet combined to make a winner, and as the rain-maker in "The Cloud Puncher," a Fox comedy, he has made a sure-fire laugh.

The story centers around a village in which there has been no rain for weeks, and not even the weather bureau can foresee signs of rain approaching. An artist (Hank Mann), wandering along a country road, comes to the hut of a hermit inventor who is dying of thirst. The artist paints a picture of a reservoir so realistically that the water overflows, and by way of reward the hermit gives him a number of rifle shells, which, when fired at the sky, will produce rain.

The village villain tries to kidnap the town beauty, but is foiled by our artist. With one of his shells the artist brings rain to the village. The villain steals the rest of the shells, brings about a cloudburst, and shoots the heroine into the clouds. Undaunted, our hero converts himself into an airship by using an electric fan as a propeller, rescues the fair damsel, and they live happy ever after—until the next scenario is written.

"Comedy," in some motion picture studios, is too often merely a symbol for slapstick and foolish horseplay—a difficult thing to avoid in the filming of this type of photoplay. And though a bit of this horseplay has crept into "The Cloud Puncher," it is lost sight of amid the really effective comedy situations in which the picture abounds. Hank Mann, who is a recent addition to the Fox Film forces, will even make you forget those frostbitten fingers and toes—which we consider the final test these days.



McCLURE

Ann Murdock, the star of the first of the "Seven Deadly Sins," discovers her brother (Robert Cain) in a house in the slums.

"Envy"

"ENVY," according to McClure pictures, is the first of the "Seven Deadly Sins." Eve Leslie, a poor country girl, envies Betty Howard, a famous actress. But Betty's hard work on the stage has so affected her health that she is given but two more years to live by her physician unless she retires. Moreover, she has been seeking for several years a man, Rocco Irwin, who, mistaking her kindness, attempts to blackmail her.

Betty, motoring with Stanton Skinner, who wants to marry her, collapses and is taken to Eve's home and the two girls become friends. The rest of the scenes are worked to the nth power of sensationalism. How it happened that the particular man Irwin picks out to rob should be Skinner, and how Betty happened to faint right near the particular house she did, and why she didn't tell Rocco that she was his sister and avoid all that trouble in the first place, is more than we uninitiated ones can say. We also marveled how a girl as sick and tired out as Betty is supposed to be could faint and be throttled so many times, and still survive it. In our modest opinion, that diving and running around she did ought to have finished her up much more quickly than anything she ever did on the stage. However——

Ann Murdock played the role of Betty with just a bit too much waving as to arms, but she looked charming always, and particularly so in the boudoir costume of black satin knickers. Shirley Mason was a captivating Eve, and as for George Le Guere as Adam—we couldn't blame Eve for liking him. Robert Cain as Irwin did some really creditable work.



MUTUAL

Charlotte Walker, as the wife in "Pardners," turns to her piano and her son for solace from the supposed villainy of her husband.

"Pardners"

"**PARDNERS**," the novel from the pen of Rex Beach, refixed and refurbelowed, has made a very presentable photoplay.

Justus Morrow, a young Englishman who has been disinherited by a wealthy uncle for marrying Olive, a little country school teacher, goes to the Klondike to make his fortune. Olive goes back to teaching, out of which means of livelihood she is hounded by Alonzo Struthers, a reporter, who also wanted to marry her. She then goes on the stage, where she makes a great success.

Morrow drifts into Rampart City, where he "cleans out" a dance hall, winning the friendship of Big Bill Joyce. Here Struthers, on the trail of a story, finds him, and obtaining a faked picture of him embracing a girl of the hall, sends it to Olive, who determines to divorce her husband.

Just in time, however, Morrow and Big Bill strike it rich, hurry home, and the whole tangle is cleared up, with Olive in her husband's arms.

As Olive, Charlotte Walker was excellently cast and did some fine acting. There are many bits of fine photography and thrills aplenty in "Pardners." We recommend it.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Wilfred Lucas, as the genial Jim Bludso, swaps stories with the barkeeper in the Fine Arts picturization of John Hay's poem.

"Jim Bludso"

ANOTHER "made-over" is "Jim Bludso," a picture based on the poem by John Hay, and under careful direction it has made an excellent release.

Jim Bludso is engineer on the "Prairie Belle," in the days before the war between the North and the South. When the country takes up arms, Jim enlists with the North, and his wife returns to the South—her home.

When he returns home, Jim finds his little son in the care of Kate, the daughter of the village shopkeeper. Ben Merrill, who ran away with Jim's wife and then deserted her, is in town under an assumed name, putting through a crooked levee building job, and he and Jim become enemies.

Then follow many exciting scenes—the river overflowing the levee and sweeping into the town, the scenes aboard the packet, the race of the "Prairie Belle" with another boat, and the final burning of the old Mississippi River boat with her nozzle against the shore are intensely realistic and furnish genuine thrills.

As Jim Bludso, Wilfred Lucas gives a particularly fine and likable characterization, and the atmosphere of river life has been perfectly portrayed.



FOX

Notwithstanding the saying that a man can't do two things well at the same time, William Farnum does not hesitate to undertake managing two young ladies at once—and does it very successfully, too. The girls start in at a very early age to fall for William's curly locks and pearly teeth, and they don't seem to get over it as they grow older, either.



MUTUAL

William Russell doesn't seem at all frightened by the fortune Mary Miles Minter finds in his palm. But then, he doesn't have to. You can see just from this picture that William was born under a very lucky star.

The Picture Piano Man

By HAZEL MACFARLANE

OH! lucky, lucky man who plays
The music at the picture show,
You never have to pay a cent
Though afternoon and night you go!

You see the lovers fond embrace
And tinkle softly, "Love's Sweet Song;"
You bang loud when the villain shoots,
You "rag" when "Charlie" comes along.

The soldier boys go marching by
To "Dixie" or "Red, White and Blue;"
How very queer a picture show
Would seem if it were lacking you!

Oh! lucky, lucky Music Man
What if your hands are weary quite?
You never have to pay a cent
To see the pictures noon and night!



What is An Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL



MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought.

The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for, health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world. How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes

a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of a multitude of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife; all that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell at Number 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this article in FILM FUN, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now* while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?
(Adv.)

"Why I Am Happy!"



BALBOA

Few girls can look as pretty in negligee as does Ruth Roland—which is one more reason for her to be happy.

I AM HAPPY because the moon still shines at night, and there are stars to shine like friendly angels, and because after night comes day, with its sunrise and early dews that caress the trees and grasses and make them young again—new days, with God's unwritten page on which to record hours filled with happiness—the happiness of work well done, of having friends, good books to read, being able to laugh, and the great out-of-doors to smell, feel and see.

I am happy because there are friendly trees; because there are sunsets and roses, pansies and lilies, and because spring comes yearly with the spirit of love breathing through it, and the purple

trees bloom on the highways; because they make good automobiles; because there are motion pictures, and I spend a good part of the day working for them; because I see colors and feel sunshine on my face; because I can fox-trot and one-step, and because no one knows my middle name.

I am happy because I have a good, faithful bulldog; because I am able through my work to give pleasure to others; because I can remember being a little girl and the joys of childhood; because I can remember having a wonderful, sweet and good mother; because I know that happiness only comes from within ourselves and dwells in everything about us if we will but see it; because I have worked hard and achieved some measure of success, and because I have only to live in the NOW and not in the past or the days to come; because I have sense to find happiness in the little things of life and not go a-hunting it when it lies in my own heart just waiting to be let out. For all these things I am happy.

Ruth Roland.



Cat!

Miss Reel—Why do you call her a kite?

Miss Film—Because she is a regular tale bearer.



McCLURE

Shirley Mason really isn't this dark and gloomy—it's just the effect "Seven Deadly Sins" is having upon her. By the way, Shirley, while you're waiting for something to do, you might remind the plump lady who last had her picture taken with you that they didn't wear watch bracelets in Cleopatra's time.



VITAGRAPH

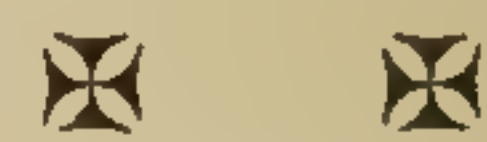
Every true daughter of Eve knows what Alice Joyce is going to say in just about one hour from now. That's right—all together, girls: "I've just washed my hair, and I can't do a thing with it."

The Question

The censors, they are very good, or else they wouldn't be

Placed in their proud position to enforce morality; And thus we wonder, when so good (the best there's to be had),

How they, without experience, can tell what's really bad.



A Natural Question

Tick—The motion picture poet tells me that he is burdened with unexpressed thoughts.

Tock—What is the matter? Can't he raise enough money to send them away?

Former United States Senator Mason

Pioneer in Pure Food and Drugs Legislation, Father of Rural Free Delivery System

Takes Nuxated Iron

to obtain renewed strength, power and endurance after the hardest fought political campaign of his life in which he was elected Congressman-at-large from the State of Illinois. The results he obtained from taking Nuxated Iron were so surprising that

SENATOR MASON NOW SAYS

Nuxated Iron should be made known to every nervous, run down, anaemic man, woman and child.

Opinion of Doctor Howard James, late of United States Public Health Service who has prescribed and thoroughly tested Nuxated Iron in his own private practice.

WHAT SENATOR MASON SAYS:

"I have often said I would never recommend medicine of any kind. I believe that the doctor's place. However, after the hardest political campaign of my life, without a chance for a vacation, I had been starting to court every morning with that horrible tired feeling one cannot describe. I was advised to try Nuxated Iron. As a pioneer in the pure food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy, but after advising with one of my medical friends, I gave it a test. The results have been so beneficial in my own case I made up my mind to let my friends know about it, and you are at liberty to publish this statement if you so desire. I am now sixty-five years of age, and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power of endurance of a man of my age should be known to every nervous, run-down anemic man, woman and child."

Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron was shown to several physicians who were requested to give their opinions thereon.

Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service, said:

"Senator Mason is to be commended on handing out this statement on Nuxated Iron for public print. There are thousands of men and women who need a strength and blood-builder, but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to give increased strength, snap, vigor, and staying power. It enriches the blood, brings roses to the cheeks of women and is an unfailing source of renewed vitality, endurance and power for men who burn up too rapidly their nervous energy in the strenuous strain of the great business competition of the day!"

Dr. King, a New York physician and author, said: "I heartily indorse Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron. There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby; the muscles lack tone; the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy."

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply

the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "Senator Mason is right. As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders."

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full as vigor, vim, and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking organic iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care-worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.



*Former United States Senator Wm. E. Mason,
recently elected Member of the U. S.
Congress from Illinois.*

From the Congressional Directory, published by the United States Government—"Wm. E. Mason, Senator from Illinois was elected to the 50th Congress in 1887, to the 51st Congress in 1891—defeated for the 52nd Congress 1892—Elected Senator to the 55th Congress 1897 to 1903."

Senator Mason is now Congressman from the State of Illinois.

Senator Mason's championship of Pure Food and Drugs legislation, his fight for the rural free delivery system, and his strong advocacy of all bills favoring labor and the rights of the masses as against trusts and combines, made him a national figure at Washington and endeared him to the hearts of the working man and the great masses of people throughout the United States. Senator Mason has the distinction of being one of the really big men of the nation. His strong endorsement of Nuxated Iron must convince any intelligent thinking reader that it must be a preparation of very great merit and one which the Senator feels is bound to be of great value to the masses of people everywhere, otherwise he could not afford to lend his name to it, especially after his strong advocacy of pure food and drugs legislation.

Since Nuxated Iron has obtained such an enormous sale—over three million people using it annually—other iron preparations are often recommended as a substitute for it. The reader should remember that there is a vast difference between ordinary metallic iron and the organic iron contained in Nuxated Iron, therefore always insist on having Nuxated Iron as recommended by Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service; Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, and other physicians. In this connection Dr. Howard James says:

"Iron to be of the slightest value to the human system must be in a combination which may be easily assimilated. In the case of metallic salts of iron, iron acetate, etc., it is very doubtful if sufficient actual iron can be taken up and incorporated into the blood to be of any service, especially in view of the disadvantages entailed by its corrosive action upon the stomach and the damaging effect upon the dental enamel. When, however, we deal with iron in organic combination, such for instance as albuminate, or, better still, Nuxated Iron, a far different story is told. We will observe no destructive action upon the teeth; no corrosive effect upon the stomach. The iron is readily assimilated into the blood and quickly makes its presence felt in increased vigor, snap and staying power."

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Who's Who and Where

Gladys Hulette fell twenty-six feet from a hotel window in New York City recently, but thanks to a life net and a camera man, they "got" her safely.

Extra! French invasion of the Famous Players studio! Marguerite Clark is playing a French girl of the Empire, and Pauline Frederick is another French girl of a much later period.

In several scenes in "The Fortunes of Fifi," Marguerite Clark wears a Roman costume which she first donned two years ago, to appear with Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the Palace Theater, New York.

Tom Cameron's hobby is collecting pipes. "Many a man would stand higher in people's esteem," says Tom, "if he would save pipes, instead of going around collecting cigars among his friends."

Having become rid of a swollen jaw from a blow received in his last picture, William Russell is now nursing a cut and sprained hand, the result of a too realistic bit of acting in "My Fighting Gentleman."

Florence La Badie can sketch and paint, and she wants you to know that when in "The Lonely Heart" she does a portrait of an old man, it is not a trick of the camera that shows the likeness gradually coming on the easel.

At last George M. Cohan's patriotism and love of fireworks, brass bands and noise in general is explained—he was born on the Fourth of July! Unlike most newcomers at the studios, the more racket and hammering there is, the better he likes it.

Wireless messages received recently declare that Sessue Hayakawa and his company of players were having a rough time of it on their voyage to Honolulu. They ran into a big storm, which was so wild that the chips kept falling off the table and completely spoiled the game.

Tom Meighan, noble son of Erin that he is, is soon to appear as a Frenchman. Even Thomas's sunny disposition has nearly cracked under the strain of this hardship, but he is hard at work learning to say "Mon Doo," "Silver Plate," "Donker Shane," "Oi Oi," and other well-known French expressions.

In "A Modern Monte Cristo," Vincent Serrano jumps from a bridge some fifty feet above the water, dives from a schooner into a stormy sea, dives from a raft for pearls, and finally puts on a diver's suit and goes under in that. "It's a clean picture," says Mr. Serrano. "Plenty of water, plenty of diving, but no 'dive' scenes."

Louise Huff has proven a great disappointment to her former co-workers at the Famous Players studio. No sooner did she get her trunk unpacked at the studio, than she sat right down and began to write those "Wonderful California, beautiful, exquisite, unsurpassed, delightful, etc., etc.," blurbs that every true daughter of the East always begins to pen the moment she crosses the Rockies.

"CONFESSIONS OF A MOVING PICTURE ACTRESS."

Are you reading the graphic description of the atmosphere of some of the motion picture studios and offices to which your daughters must go in search of positions in the motion pictures? Are you willing to permit such an atmosphere to continue to surround them? Read "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" in this issue.

If you have any suggestions on how to make a cow act, kindly forward same to Frank Reicher, at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Though Reicher, in directing the picture, has no difficulty in making Marie Doro register horror whenever the cow approaches her, he cannot seem to distract the attention of the bovine from its cud.

Our old friend, "Constant Reader," has bobbed up again. He sends FILM FUN the following paragraph from the *Passing Show* and admits that "he laughed fit to kill at this joke." To please our constant reader, we are going to give our other constant readers a chance to laugh at it, too.

WAITING FOR A SHADOW

Policeman (giving evidence)—After being ejected from the cinema, he was discovered with a large bouquet in his arms on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture palace.

Magistrate—Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behavior?

Policeman—His speech was very indistinct, yer worship, but from what I could gather, he was waiting to see Mary Pickford 'ome.

At the Fox studios actors have found a new way to gamble. They gather in little groups, watch Hank Mann's feet, and make bets on whether he's coming or going.

Harry O'Conner has decided that it doesn't pay to save money. Some burglars broke into his home and took a nice, fat sum he had stored away there, leaving this note: "We like your work immensely in the films. How do you like ours?"

Martin Kinney is learning to play the cornet. The only time he has to practice is in the evening, and that seems to be the only time his neighbors have to sleep, so he may decide to take swimming lessons instead. They're not so noisy.

"The Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" is not a muck-raking process. It is an attempt to rouse the parents to demand a cleaning-up of totally unnecessary conditions in the motion picture offices. It is to such conditions that we owe lurid and indecent pictures.

Can anybody find a job for Colin Chase? All he did last week was to play the lead in a new photoplay, write a successful scenario and paint a portrait of Mlle. Adoni Fovieri, a prima donna formerly with the Opera Comique, which is to be hung—the picture, not Mlle. Fovieri or the Opera Comique—at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Chicago. Chase says his spare time hangs heavy on his hands.

To Louise Huff has come a kimono from far Japan, sent by a Japanese boy who claims to have made it all himself. She has also received a pair of Australian love birds, and says that it is quite embarrassing to watch the carrying on of this couple; but as the gift came from an old lady, who writes, "I am one of your ardent admirers, not a silly boy, but an old lady of seventy-two years," she guesses she will keep them. Miss Huff says she wishes someone would mail her a couple of tons of coal, now that winter is here.

Nothing Given Away
Film—Clara Film says her husband is dreadfully stingy.
Flam—Sure; he won't even give her grounds for divorce.

The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

By Arthur True Buswell, M.D.



Eugene Christian

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach," so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract. As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years?

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian, and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds over-weight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had no organic trouble, but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you received the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 1123, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time, or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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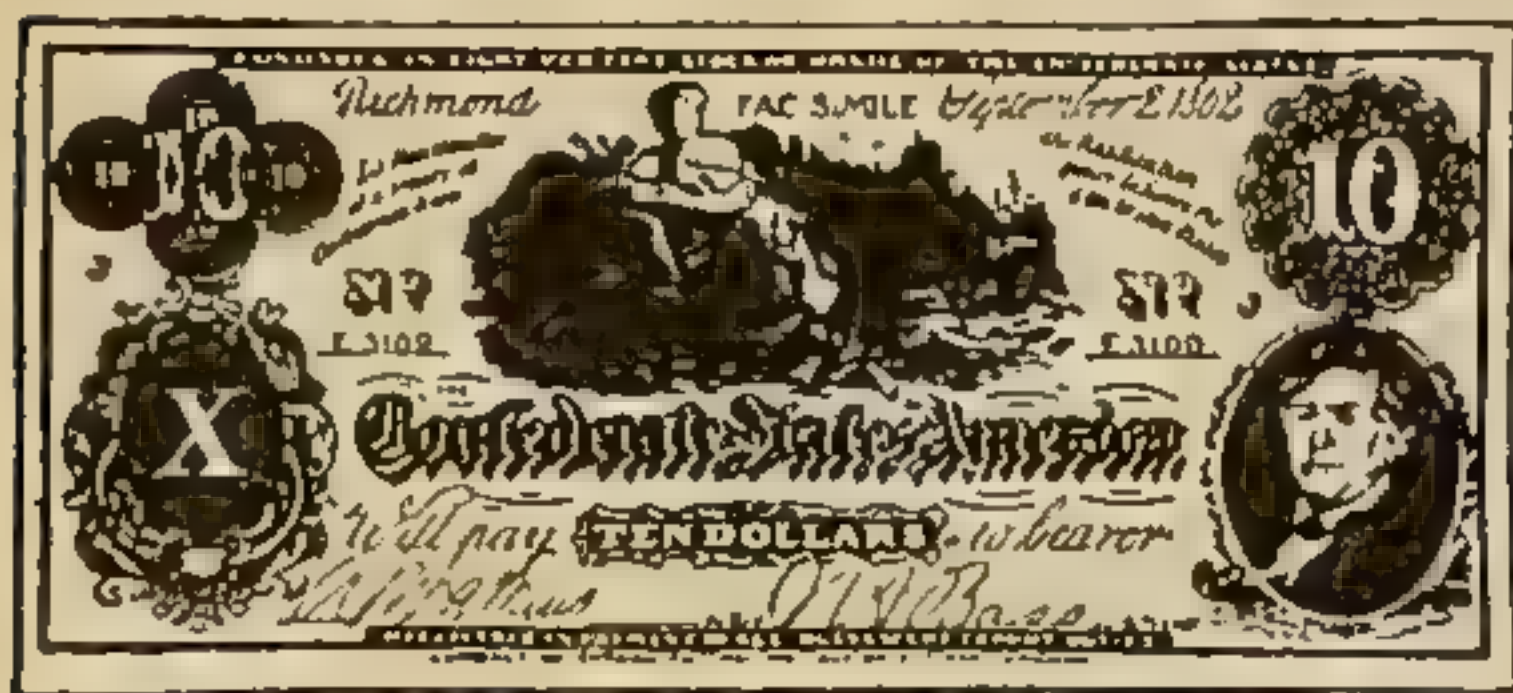
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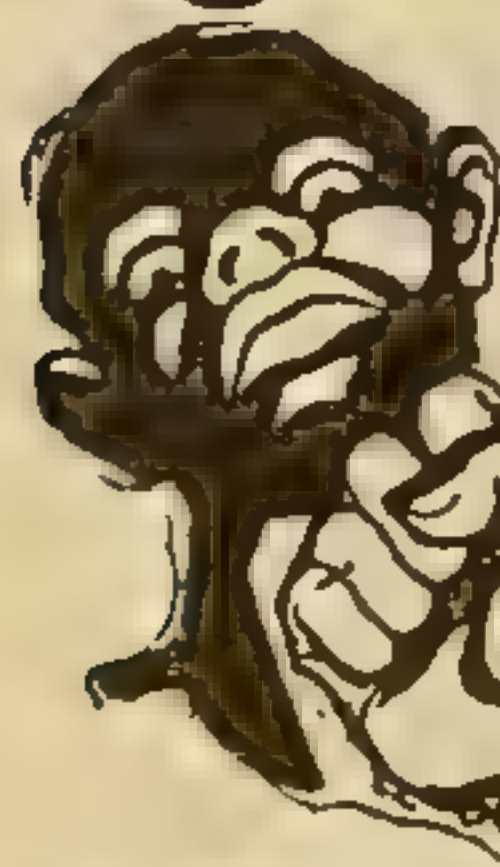
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LOIS ZELLNER.

A New Picture Writer

MRS. LOIS ZELLNER is a young picture writer who is rapidly coming to the front. Her work is in such demand among the companies that three or four of them are making a bid for her exclusive services. Mrs. Zellner prefers absolutely free lance writing. She has been writing pictures for three years and only the first-class picture companies ever get a sight of her scenarios. Mrs. Zellner, by the way, began writing pictures as a means of whiling away the time while waiting for her commuting husband to come home to dinner. She soon graduated from these chance moments of writing to a real desk and typewriter and office hours for work.

She wrote "Little Brother," in which Enid Bennett is to star and which studio writers say is the best scenario of the year.

While the Map Is Being Altered

Virginia Pearson, the William Fox star, received a letter from a large business corporation last week, which had a small map of Europe beneath the company's name, with this legend under it:

"Business going on as usual during alterations."

Fanning the Blaze

In one scene a man was trying to get rid of an old sweetheart; several scenes later he was covering her face with kisses. Two girls were speaking of the man's inconsistency. Said one, "I thought he was trying to put his old flame out."

"Perhaps he thinks," was the answer, "that he can smother her with kisses."

A Heavy Show

The service at the movie theater was wretched that night. Finally it got so poor that a patron got up and left in disgust. As he went out the door, he remarked to his companion,

"This show's too heavy for me."
"How's that?" asked the friend curiously.

"Too many waits in it," replied the disgusted one.

It's Hard To Tell

Patrick was waiting for the lights to be dimmed at his favorite movie house. A polite stranger approached him, saying,

"I beg your pardon, but has anybody got their eye on that seat next to you?"

"Ut's hard to tell," Pat replied. "Oi jist picked up a set of false teeth from it."

Judging from Looks

A wedding scene was being screened. Two sons of Erin were exchanging views.

"Be gobs, there be another wan thot has taken a doive into the sea of matrimony," said one.

"Yis," replied the other; "and Oi bet that the woman will kape that poor man down."

In Our Town

By JAMES G. GABELLE

Percy FitzMackle is a regular woman hater. He hates to see a girl go to the picture show with anyone but himself.

George Saunders is so popular with the fair sect, it is roomered around that he is a motion picture actor in disguise.

The minister told Bart Leenbach to always watch the actions of the good girls on the screen, but Bart says all girls look good to him.

Deacon Gubsing is such an out-and-out pussist that he won't watch a battle scene at the picture show or give a nickel to the Salvation Army.

Every kid in our town would sooner be Virgil Thomson than be President. He plays the pianny at the picture show an' gits to see all the pictures free.

Maxwellton MacGregor says, "It is too bad there is so much trouble over the moving picture censorship; but, then, the Scotch can't look after everything."

Bee Hume has heart trouble. He says that ever since he seen Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," his heart has been bothering him something awful.

George Saunders was greatly touched by Theda Barry's rendition of Isabel in "East Limb." When he got home, he found he'd been touched ten dollars an' fifteen cents' worth.

It is roomered that the proprietor of the picture show is goin' to buy a motor car of a cheap an' well-advertised make. Deacon Gubsing declares that it is another evidence of the rapid accumulation of rapid an' ill-gotten gains, that what our town really needs is a nice hearse an' a big hoodlum wagon.

Dad Cooper divides society in Centropolis into two classes: they both patronize the Empire Picture Theayter, but the aristocracy stop at Adam's Drug Store an' buy five-cent sodas, while the oil polloly come to his store, swipe his apples, munch his crackers, sample his pickles, step on his cat, kick his dog, an' tell what better stars they would make if they were in motion pictures.

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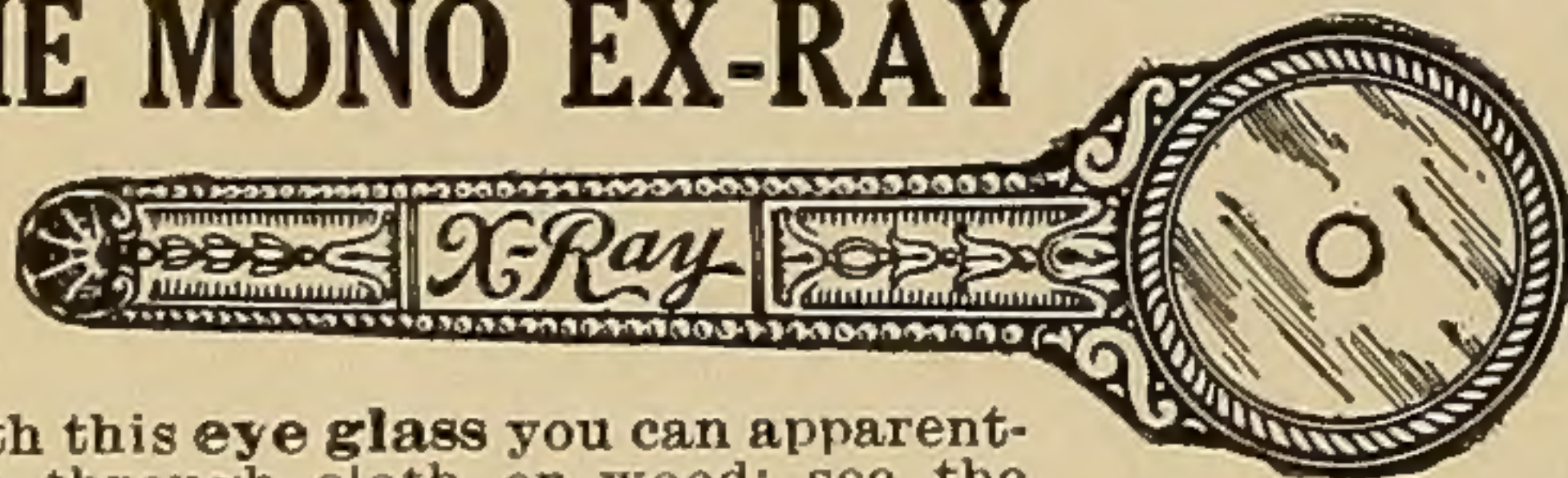
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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of **FILM FUN**. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

The Girl on the Cover is Louise Huff. It is Jack Pickford who Wants to Kiss Her.

I have taken *Judge* ever since it was first published, and *Judge's Library* as long as it lasted, and then *Sis Hopkins*, and now I am taking their successor—**FILM FUN**—as I like to recreate by reading something funny after my arduous labors of the day. I buy from our home dealers, and I never miss buying a number. **G. S. R.**

I enjoy **FILM FUN** very much and have been a subscriber for a year and a half. Ann Pennington is my favorite, and I would like to see her on the cover and an interview with her. I also want to see Lillian Gish on the cover. I like an assortment, one month a girl and the next month a man. **L. W. H.**

I assure you that **FILM FUN** has a place of honor on our library table, although it is seldom in its place. Too many in the family want to see it, and our copy is almost worn out before the next one comes. The thing we like best about **FILM FUN** is that it is not afraid to speak right out and tell the truth about the pictures. **Mrs. B. L. G.**

Our children have every copy of **FILM FUN** saved since we subscribed for it, nearly a year ago. When a picture comes to our theater that has been mentioned in **FILM FUN**, we let them go to see it with a clear mind. "We saw a picture of that girl in **FILM FUN**, mother," they say, and that is a passport for them to the theater that shows that picture. **A Mother-of-Three.**

We have read the first installment of the "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" with a deep interest. Our oldest daughter had an ambition to go into the pictures, but after a week of similar experiences to those related in the story, she returned home. Her experience was enough to warn every mother against allowing her daughter to go to the picture studios or offices alone. Fortunately my daughter knew how to take care of herself and decided that she did not wish to pay the price that success demands of some of the screen stars. I hope every mother reads the "Confessions." **Experience.**

Do you know of a club of writers by which one might obtain and exchange views and experiences by correspondence? I think a club of this nature

might be very helpful to those of us who are writing photoplays. **G. M. S.**

We have had so many inquiries for such a club that it has occurred to us that our **FILM FUN** readers and writers might like to start such a one for themselves. We will be glad to set the ball rolling by forwarding any letters to the above address or to any address that may be furnished us.

Please tell me a good formula for developing and finishing a motion picture film. **J. G. S.**

Send stamped envelope and full address, and we will gladly furnish you with the names of good formulas for developing and finishing your pictures. Naturally we could not give such addresses in this column.

I want to start a moving picture route. Must I have a license to show pictures all over the States at small towns? How do I arrange for it? **R. J. E.**

You must arrange for your license at each town, as there is no traveling license for pictures. There will be no difficulty in obtaining a license, as long as your pictures meet with the approval of the town authorities.

Can you tell us where we can obtain lists of warranted films to be given in our town? We have a committee from our club selected to choose such a list. Our exhibitor tells us he will secure them for us if the charge is not excessive. Can you give us such a list? **Member of Committee.**

On page 26 of this number you will find an article describing such a list of pictures. We are forwarding you the address of Mrs. Michael, who, no doubt, will be glad to give you the benefit of her experience.

Like many others, I have an ambition to write photoplays. Is there any chance for an unknown to land with the best class of companies or do they have their own writers? **Ambitious.**

Do the very best work you can, be willing to accept criticism and aim for the very highest. The best companies are always looking for good stories. But they want the very best. If you can write a good picture, they can find plenty of experienced continuity writers to put it together. One of the best scenario writers I know wrote industriously for three years before a single picture was sold; but she kept right on trying, and now she has only to offer her work to get a quick acceptance.



**"Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments
an' a man can raise a thirst."**

K IPLING undoubtedly knew his "east of Suez" when he wrote "Mandalay" better than any man living, just as he knows lots of other things outside the ordinary ken; but the poverty-stricken, flea-bitten and malodorous Orient of the modern Mohammedan Turks presents many strong contrasts to the Orient of the great Abassid Caliphs, when Bagdad was the Metropolis of an Empire exceeding in extent the widest limits of Rome, and the center of a wealth, luxury and profligacy, the like of which the world has seldom seen; when the followers of the Prophet had carried the faith of Al Koran from the pillars of Hercules to the "Farthest Ind."

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of the Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Mutilated, fragmentary, paraphrastic though these tales were, the glamour of imagination, the marvelousness of the miracles and the gorgeousness of the life depicted at once secured an exceptional success. For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

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